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Pest Control.

OC OC

The small rodent scittered carefully across the cold sharp grates in the duct above the corridor, careful not to disturb the sleeping ghosts and willow'o'wisps that hung in eternal sleep invisibly below. It scurried towards the mess hall where bigger scarier things feasted. The sentient beings aboard this ship would surely kill the Tardachan rodent as soon as they saw it. They had already made several attempts on it's life , along with other small vermin among the passengers. From the humble farki to the clever rat, these ships made great homes for the small pests Intellegent society had tried so hard to eliminate.

Joshua looked up as he heard the small creature. It wasn't careful enough. He had had about enough of the damned thing. He and his crewmates had tried everything from rat poison to the Carcadian method of using their gaseous nattly fruits to ward them out of the ship. He should've known that the rats would steal the odorous thing and hoist it into the air vents. The stench was still faintly in his uniform.

That's when he realized how he could finally beat his hated rivals. These tiny animals would be no match for another slightly less tiny animal from Earth. Joshua made his way to the captain's office when he found the time between preforming Sabaton in the mess hall, much to the humans delight and the aliens bewilderment, and cleaning the floors to the bridge. He entered the surprisingly bare bones office decorated with nothing but a single bland periodic table. The captain, a round yet fit Carthedian man named Kithabiel sat in deep concentration over calculating the exact position of their target planet. Not that he needed to as their AI did that for them. Kith practically jumped into hypospace when Josua snatched his attention like a thief robbing a purse from the paper on the captain's desk.

"Dear Irinthe! Joshua you scared the heavens out of me. What is it?" The rotundal man caught his breath as he fixed his tired gaze on Josua.

"Sir, I think I have a solution to our rodent problem." He produced a small disc from his jacket and placed it in front of Kith. A small black and orange creature appeared as the projection gracefully danced up to the confused captian. The alien looked at the creature, attempting to figure out exactly how the small animal would assist in ridding the ship of vermin.

Joshua had caught on to the confusion. "This is an animals from Earth called a cat. They're extremely effective hunters and should be able to easily catche most of the rodents on board the ship."

The Captain pondered for a moment. "How do they behave?"

"Well sir, they're arrogant assholes. But they do love to cuddle, and they're good at keeping themselves clean."

The captain thought for a second.

"So you want to fix our small animal problem with another small animal?" He asked.

"Yes"

"Ah screw it why not?" And so it was done. After finally landing on a human planet 3 planets later, Joshua was given all the galactic credits he'd need to adopt a cat. He found a kitten just old enough to be on it's own. The feline what white as a snowy Ohioan day, with small grey patches across it's fur. A distinctive "L" shaped itself along the nose and top of her left eye. He bought all the food he'd need for weeks, a litter box and several scratch towers for the cat as well.

"So what shall we name you?" Joshua pondered as we ascended the boarding ramp of the ship. As he tossed the question around his head and passed through the airlock. The distinctive hiss of air rushing in antagonizing the kitten, who hissed back to show this rude ship who's boss. Joshua scratched her cheek gently with a finger, feeling her soft fur which brought the cat out of it's startled annoyance.

As the second door opened into the corridor, most of the crew had gathered to witness this strange creature. It was clearly from Earth. The distinctive look of an Earth mammal was famous amidst the ever curious galaxy. With it's dagger like ears and long tail that moved like a tentacle feeling it's way through the souls of the damned. The kitten was frightenedly curious about the strange creatures in front of it, maybe more than they were of her.

The onlookers cooed and awed at the strange animal. It's pasty white fur blending into the milky walls of the craft. It was small for a predator, baby or not, but quiet as Joshua set her down. The cat stood around looking around the environment before clawing it's way up Joshua's leg and back into his arms. Afterall, the human's arms were proven to be a safe place, unlike the whirring beast that had just hissed at her.

Within a few weeks the animal had begun to grow accustomed to the ship and her crew. She had learned all of it's secrets and nooks and crannies. By day three she had put at least seven dead animals on the desk of the slightly annoyed and relieved captain. Who clearly didn't know of the art of the hunt. Milky, as the cat became known, would have to show him.

As news spread of this peculiar case, and how effective these cats were as a packbonding creature for humans and other extremely social sentients, and as pest control officers, the cat became as widespread galactically as they were in human colonies. Freighters used them to keep pests from getting into food shipments, and colony ships used them to boost morale, and to keep the ships clean.

As this strange tale of the feline's rise to galactic dominace continued, one thing became clear to our 'new' feline friends. They had once again conquered all that is known. Cats ruled over everything.

